LESSONS

FOR

CHILDREN,

FROM

TWO TO THREE YEARS OLD.

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little publication was made for a particular child, but the public is welcome to the uſe of it. It was found that, amidſt the multitude of books profeſſedly written for children, there is not one adapted to the comprehenſion of a child from two to three years old. A grave remark, or a connected ſtory, however ſimple, is above his capacity; and nonſenſe is always below it; for Folly is worſe than Ignorance. Another great defect is the want of good paper, a

clear and large type, *and* large ſpaces. *They only, who have actually taught young children, can be ſenſible how neceſſary theſe aſſiſtances are. The eye of a child and of a learner cannot catch, as ours can, a ſmall, obſcure, ill-formed word, amidſt a number of others all equally unknown to him.* —— *To ſupply theſe deficiencies is the object of this book. The taſk is humble, but not mean; for to lay the firſt ſtone of a noble building, and to plant the firſt idea in a human mind, can be no diſhonour to any hand.*

LESSONS

FOR CHILDREN,

FROM TWO TO THREE YEARS OLD.

COME hither Charles,
come to mamma.
Make haſte.
Sit in mamma's lap.
Now read your book.

LESSONS

FOR CHILDREN

FROM TWO TO THREE YEARS OLD.

COME hither, Charles.

Come to mamma.

Make haste.

Sit in mamma's lap.

Now read your book.

Where is the pin to point with?

Here is a pin.

Do not tear the book.

Only naughty boys tear books.

Charles ſhall have a pretty new leſſon.

Spell that word. Good boy.

Now go and play.

Where is puſs?

Puſs is got under the table.

You cannot catch puſs.

Do not pull her by the tail, you hurt her.

Stroke poor puſs. You ſtroke her the wrong way. This is the right way.

But puſs, why did you kill the rabbit?

Where is pug?

Pug is got under the table.

You cannot catch pug.

Do not pull her by the tail.

You hurt her.

Stroke poor pug. You frolic

her the wrong way. This

is the right way.

But pug, why did you kill

the rabbit?

You muſt catch mice; you muſt not kill rabbits.

Well, what do you ſay, did you kill the rabbit?

Why do you not ſpeak, puſs?

Puſs cannot ſpeak.

Will Charles feed the chickens?

Here is ſome corn for the pigeons. O pretty pigeons

The ſun ſhines. Open your eyes, little boy. Get up.

Maid, come and dreſs Charles.

Go down ſtairs. Get your breakfaſt.

Boil ſome milk for a poor little hungry boy.

Do not ſpill the milk.

Hold the ſpoon in the other hand.

Do not throw your bread upon the ground.

Bread is to eat, you muſt not throw it away.

Corn makes bread.

Corn grows in the fields.

Graſs grows in the fields.

Hold the spoon in the other hand.

Do not throw your bread upon the ground.

Bread is to eat, you must not throw it away.

Corn makes bread.

Corn grows in the fields.

Grain grows in the fields.

Cows eat graſs, and ſheep eat graſs, and horſes eat graſs. Little boys do not eat graſs: no, they eat bread and milk.

Cows eat grass, and sheep eat
grass, and horses eat grass.
Little boys do not eat grass:
no, they eat bread and
milk.

Papa, where is Charles?

Ah! where is the little boy?

Papa cannot find the little boy. Lie ſtill. Do not ſtir.

Ah! here he is. He is under mamma's apron.

Ride upon papa's cane.

Here is a whip. Whip away.

Make haſte, horſe.

Papa, where is Charles ?

Ah ! where is the little boy ?

Papa cannot find the little boy. Lie still. Do not stir.

Ah ! here he is. He is under mamma's apron.

Ride upon papa's cane.

Here is a whip. Whip away.

Make haste, horse.

Come and give mamma three kiſſes.

One, two, three.

Little boys muſt always come when mamma calls them.

Blow your noſe.

Here is a handkerchief.

Come and let me comb your hair.

Stand ſtill.

Come and give mamma three kisses.

One, two, three.

Little boys must always come when mamma calls them.

Blow your nose.

Here is a handkerchief.

Come and let me comb your hair.

Stand still.

Here is the comb-caſe for you to hold.

Your frock is untied.

Pray claſp my ſhoe.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Open the door.

Come in.

Reach a chair.

Sit down.

Come to the fire.

Here is the comb-case for you to hold.

Your frock is untied.

Pray clasp my shoe.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Open the door.

Come in.

Reach a chair.

Sit down.

Come to the fire.

How do you do?

Very well.

Bring ſome coals. Make up the fire.

Sweep up the hearth.

Where is the bruſh?

Do not ſtand upon the hearth.

Do not meddle with the ink-horn.

How do you do?

Very well.

Bring some coals. Make up

the fire.

Sweep up the hearth.

Where is the brush?

Do not stand upon the hearth.

Do not meddle with the tools.

Adieu.

See, you have inked your frock.

Here is a ſlate for you, and here is a pencil.

Now ſit down on the carpet and write.

What is this red ſmooth ſtick?

It is ſealing wax.

What is it for?

To ſeal letters with.

I want papa's watch.

No, you will break the glaſs.

You broke it once.

You may look at it.

Put it to your ear.

What does it ſay?

Tick, tick, tick.

I want papa's watch.

No, you will break the glass.

You broke it once.

You may look at it.

Put it to your ear.

What does it say?

Tick, tick, tick.

There is a pretty butterfly.

Come, ſhall we catch it.

Butterfly, where are you going?

It is flown over the hedge.

He will not let us catch him.

There is a bee ſucking the flowers.

Will the bee ſting Charles?

No, it will not ſting you if you let it alone.

Bees make wax and honey.

Honey is ſweet.

Charles ſhall have ſome honey and bread for ſupper.

Caterpillars eat cabbages.

Here is a poor little ſnail crawling up the wall.

Touch him with your little finger.

Ah, the ſnail is crept into his ſhell.

His ſhell is his houſe. Good night, ſnail.

Let him alone, and he will ſoon come out again.

I want my dinner, I want pudding.

It is not ready yet.

It will be ready preſently, then Charles ſhall have his dinner.

Lay the cloth.

Where are the knives and forks, and plates?

The clock ſtrikes, take up the dinner.

May I have ſome meat?

No, meat is not good for little boys.

Here is ſome apple-dumpling for you, and ſome potatoes, and ſome beans, and carrots, and turnips, and rice pudding, and bread.

The clock ſtrikes, take up
the dinner.
May I have ſome meat?
No, meat is not good for
little boys.
Here is ſome apple-dumpling
for you, and ſome pota-
toes, and ſome beans, and
carrots, and turnips, and
rice pudding, and bread.

Here are cherries.

Do not ſwallow the ſtone.

I want ſome wine.

What, wine for little boys!
I never heard of ſuch a thing. No, you muſt not have wine. Here is water.

Do not ſtand ſo near fire.
Go on the other ſide.

Do not tread upon mamma's apron.

Go away now, I am buſy.

Do not tread upon nothing :

abor.

Go away now, I am busy.

Charles, what are eyes for?

To ſee with.

What are ears for?

To hear with.

What is tongue for?

To talk with.

What are teeth for?

To eat with.

What is noſe for?

To ſmell with.

What are legs for?

To walk with.

Then do not make mamma carry you. Walk yourſelf.

Here are two good legs.

Will you go abroad?

Fetch your hat.

What is nose for?

To smell with.

What are legs for?

To walk with.

Then do not make mamma

carry you. Walk yourself.

Here are two good legs.

Will you go abroad?

Fetch your hat.

Come let us go in the fields, and ſee the ſheep, and the lambs, and the cows, and trees, and birds, and water.

There is a man on horſeback.

Where are you going?

He does not minds us, he rides away.

Now he is a great way off.

Now we cannot ſee him at all.

There is a dog. The dog barks.

Well, do not be afraid, he will not hurt you.

Come hither, dog.

Let him lick your hand.

Poor Flora!

Charles is tired, come let us go home.

Ink is black, and papa's ſhoes are black.

Paper is white, and Charles's frock is white.

Graſs is green.

The ſky is blue.

Charles's ſhoes are red. Pretty red ſhoes!

Cowſlip is yellow.

The table is brown.

White, black, red, green,
blue, yellow, brown.

Pray give me a raiſin.

Here is one.

I want another.

Here is another. One, two.

I want a great many; I want ten.

Here are ten. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten.

Now what will you do with all theſe raiſins? Give Billy ſome, and ſiſter Sally.

Good boy.

There is a pin.

Pick it up. Give it mamma.

O do not put it in your mouth, that is a very, very naughty trick.

Stick it upon the pincuſhion.

Fetch the work-baſket.

No, do not ſit upon it, you will break it; ſit upon your own little ſtool.

Mamma, what are you doing?

Making frocks for little Charles.

Lay by your work, mamma, and play with me.

It is winter now, cold winter.
There is ice in the pond.
It hails.
It ſnows.
Will you run out in the ſnow?
Go then.
Let us make ſnow-balls.
Pretty ſnow, how white it is,
and how ſoft it is.

Bring the ſnow to the fire. See, ſee how it melts. It is all gone, there is nothing but water.

Shall we walk?

No, it is too dirty.

When Charles is a big boy, he ſhall have breeches, and a little pair of boots, and then he ſhall go in the dirt; and he ſhall have a pretty little horſe of his own, and a ſaddle, and

bridle, and a whip, and then he ſhall ride out with papa.

When ſpring comes again there will be green leaves and flowers, daiſies and pinks, and violets, and roſes; and there will be young lambs, and warm

weather. Come again ſpring.

It rains hard.

See how it rains.

The ducks love rain.

Ducks ſwim, and geeſe ſwim.

Chickens do not ſwim.

Can Charles ſwim?

No.

f Charles goes in the water
he will be drowned.
You ſhall learn to ſwim when
you are as big as Billy.

ring the tea-things.

ring the little boy's milk.

here is the bread and but-
ter?

here is the toaſt and the
muffin?

ere is ſome bread for you.

ttle boys do not eat butter.

p the bread in your tea.
he tea is too hot, you muſt
not drink it yet.
ou muſt wait a little.
our it into your ſaucer.
he ſugar is not melted.
ho is that lady?
o not you know?
o and give her a kiſs.

Pull off your hat.

Nobody wears a hat in the houſe.

Hats are to go abroad with.

Take me in your lap.

Come then.

Do you love mamma?

Poor mamma!

Charles has tumbled down.

Get up again then.

Never mind it.

What is the matter with your arm?

Puſs has ſcratched it.

Poor arm, let me kiſs it.

There, now it is well.

Puſs did not intend it, ſhe was only at play.

I have hit my head againſt the table, naughty table!

No, not naughty table, ſilly boy!

The table did not run againſt Charles, Charles ran againſt the table.

The table ſtood ſtill in its place.

heard ſomebody cry juſt now, I wonder who it was?

It was ſome naughty boy, I fancy.

Good boys do not cry.

Little babies cry.

Little babies that cannot talk, nor run about, they can do nothing but cry.

Charles was a little baby once, and lay in a cradle.

Then I did cry.

Yes, but now you muſt not cry. Now you are a little boy, and ride upon a ſtick

ee here is Betty come from the fair.

What has ſhe brought?

he has brought Charles a gun, and a ſword, and a hammer, and ſome ginger-bread.

he is very good.

Thank you, Betty.

You muſt wear your ſword by your ſide.

Charge your gun.

Now let it off. Pop!

Do not eat all the ginger-bread now.

It will make you ſick.

Give me ſome to lay by for to-morrow.

I will put it in the cupboard.

Your face is dirty.

Go and get your face waſhed.

Get your hands waſhed.

Now he is a clean boy.

Ah, here is money. What is this?

This is gold. This is a guinea.

This white is ſilver: here is a crown, here is a half crown, here is a ſhilling, here is a ſixpence.

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